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GIVE THE WOMEN A CHANCE

A SUFFRAGETTE MONOLOGUE

By
HARRY L. NEWTON

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GIVE THE WOMEN A CHANCE.

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“GIVE THE WOMEN A CHANCE.”

My dear sisters, as an officer in the army of suffragettes, it becomes my duty to scatter broadcast general orders and commands. In our glorious campaign against our common enemy—man—it behooves us to frame our plans of action. It is our duty, dear sisters, to look as attractive as possible at all times. As witness me! It is a great battle we are fighting. Therefore, be sure and keep your powder dry. Remember, all's fair in war, so it is therefore permissible to take as many men captives as you may wish. If you catch a man, hold on to him; it may be your one and only chance. We are fighting for a great cause. If you happen to forget what it is, ask a man. Men always remember all things political. Keep your hair and your courage up, sisters, your temper down, your feet dry and your nose powdered.

Give the women a chance.

In giving this lecture, night after night, I have attained quite a reputation. So famous have I become that two large cities in the middle-west have both claimed me as belonging to them. St. Louis, for instance, claims that I belong in Chicago, and Chicago just as emphatically declares that I belong in St. Louis.

Give the women a chance!

But they can't stop me from talking.

The police claim that when a suffragette gets in jail, they can't get her to open her mouth, and when she's out of jail, they can't get her to close her mouth.

3 GIVE THE WOMEN A CHANCE

I'd like to see some half portion of a man with a six and seven-eighths batting average attempt to gag me.

It's painfully true that man was made first, but he's been *after* the women ever since.

And man is one of the greatest problems poor woman has to solve. For instance, no woman can understand why it is that a man will spend three dollars a week for flowers while he's trying to get the girl, and after he's married to her he won't even take home a nickel's worth of dandelions. A man can discover the north or south pole, but can't find where a hook and eye come together in the back of his wife's gown.

Man gets altogether too much credit where he shouldn't. For instance, take the "Father of Waters." It's an outrage. It should be the "Mother of Waters," since it is the Mrs. Ippi.

Give the women a chance.

A man will go sound to sleep if his wife tries to talk to him after supper, but he can walk around a pool table playing Kelly Pool for fifteen hours and never bat an eye.

Before a man marries he swears by his fiancée. After he marries he swears at his wife.

Give the women a chance.

It is claimed by many that woman's sphere in life is marriage, that a woman will never know what true happiness is until she gets married. That may be true, but then it will be too late for her to appreciate it.

Women who marry in haste often see better bargains at their leisure. We don't need the men, sisters. When a couple get married the minister says: "You are now one." And he's right. The wife is one and the husband is nothing.

Give the women a chance.

At that, women believe in marriage more than the men. To illustrate: A bride is always dressed in white; white dress, white slippers, veil and so forth. Why? Because white is a color denoting the festive, joyous occasion. On the other hand, look at the groom. He's always dressed in black, isn't he?

Give the women a chance.

Married men claim that nowadays life for them is just one blamed hook after another. From the time they are "hooked" at the altar until they begin to hook their wife's gown in the back, it is nothing but hooks. And where, sisters, is the man living to-day who can hook his wife's gown and refrain from a certain vocabulary? The wife calls to her husband to come and hook her in the back. He obeys, but if he had his say he'd hook her in the jaw. But he grabs a hook in one hand and begins an exploration for an eye across a two inch chasm of lace. And when he cannot find a partner for a certain young hook, he artfully hitches him onto a hunk of lace instead. All the time he is making a noise like a grouch, with remarks like these: "Why the deuce don't you pull those strings tighter so this dress can get together?" Or: "Gee, but you've

got fat since you had this dress made." And all the while poor wife is doing an Isadore Duncan about the room in a frenzied attempt to assist him. They say that King Solomon had a thousand wives, but *he* had a snap. Not one of his wives had to be hooked in the back. But to return. Just a friend husband gets the last hook hooked, she says: "John, unhook them again. I think I'll wear my other corset."

Give the women a chance.

Some wise man has now made the discovery that we can do without sleep. We've been sleeping away years of our lives, all to no purpose. Leave it to man to give woman the worst of it. If man is taught to do without sleep, what chance will woman have to go through his pockets.

Give the women a chance.

And speaking of money, our government, now run by men, issues a new piece of money and they claim it takes fully six months to get it into circulation.

Would it take six months to get it into circulation if a woman was the first to get her hands on it?

No. Give the women a chance.

Now, sisters, I have no desire to pose as a champion for every last member of our sex. We are not every one of us perfect. We are nearly, but not quite. For instance, I have little use for the girl whose skirt is so tight that she can't bend over to turn a wringer or chase a pair of her brother's socks up and down a washboard.

Also there is the girl with the chewing gum habit. A girl afflicted with the chewing gum habit is a sure sign that she has nothing on her mind but her hair, and the chances are that that isn't original.

No, sisters, women have a few things to learn yet—but not many. And if one woman doesn't know it, another one does.

Seated next to me at a theatre the other evening was a woman. She didn't know the name of the opera they were singing. I had to tell her. I make it a point to know these things. I saw the name of the opera on the curtain. It was "Asbestos."

Another discovery I made at the theatre was, that women go to see what the actresses wear, while the men go to see what they don't wear. This merely comes from being a close observer.

But I digress.

Hard times are surely with us, and they couldn't be worse, so why not give the women a chance. Witness the manner in which foodstuff is going up in price. Why, it won't be long at this rate before beefsteak will become our national currency. We'll soon be going into a store, buying something, paying for it with a chunk of beefsteak and for change we'll get back a couple of porkchops.

Give the women a chance.

Every year women school teachers receive proposals of marriage, but very few ever accept them. Why? I'm here to answer that question. A school teacher has hard work supporting one on the salary she gets. That's why.

7 GIVE THE WOMEN A CHANCE

No, dear sisters, we demand the same right to vote, run for office and hold political jobs the same as men. In other words, we demand the same right to go out nights and "sit up with a sick friend." Women have friends that are sick, same as men. If our friends aren't sick, they ought to be. I know I've got a lot of friends that make me sick.

We want the same right to go out of a night and "feed the kitties." Women know more about what kind of food cats like than do the men.

Give the women a chance.

In conclusion, dear sisters, permit me to clinch my arguments that woman is superior to man by asking you to hark back to King Solomon once more. He is credited with being the wisest man that ever lived. And he was. He had a thousand wives. Doesn't that prove that he was wise? Yes, a thousand times, yes.

Give the women a chance.

CURTAIN.

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Comedietta in one act for two Males and one Female.

Jack Windsor, a young bachelor, returned from an eight years' tour of the world, he decides to settle down by marrying his fiancée, Flora Mason. Flora pays a surreptitious visit to Jack's apartments. "Tottie Twinkletoes," a dancer, is to call.

Jack discovers Flora in his rooms and mistakes her for Tottie. Flora keeps up the deception and some very smart dialogue ensues.

"An Invitation to the Ball"

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"Meet My Wife"

A Comedy Sketch for two Males and one Female.

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Dealing with the absurd adventures of Timothy McSorley, an Irish laborer, and Hi Grass, a regular rube, who, on learning of treasure buried by the notorious pirate, Captain Kidd, set out to find it.

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"Two Girls and Him"

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Florence and Birdie Feathertop find themselves stranded. Timothy McDuff hears of their sad plight and spends his earnings to pay their way to the city.

"What Every Woman Thinks She Knows"

A Suffragette Monologue.

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